An Excellent

GARLAND;

Containing four new Songs.

1. The Joys of the Bottle.
2. The Waiter.
3. Since Life's a Dream.
4. We shall Live together Laddie.

BRITISH MUSEUM

CONGLETON:

Printed and Sold by J. DEAN.

THE JOYS OF THE BOTTLE.

By Mr. Collins.

WHILE noſtrums are held out to cure each diſeaſe,
And to parry with death or with pain as we pleaſe,
The protracter of life and preſerver of eaſe
I have ever yet found in a bottle.

For when care like a clog hangs about my poor heart,
And health from the burden ſeems bent to depart,
I the millſtone ſhake off, and death draws back his dart,
When he ſees that my doctor's a bottle.

And ſhould love, whoſe dominion is ever divine,
Drench my doating fond eyes in a deluge of brine,
Ev'ry tear that I drop at bright Venus's ſhrine,
Let me drown in the tears of the bottle.

And as pride may prevail where it ne'er
ſhould take place,
Ere its impulſe my portion of prudence diſ-
grace,
Let me nobly renounce all her ſtiff-necked
race,
To bend down the ſtiff neck of a bottle.

Or ſhould avarice, that firſt of all vices I'd
ſhun,
Shrink the cords of my heart, I'd bet mil-
lions to one,
That they ſoon ſhall expand like the rays
of the ſun,
And benevolence ſpring from a bottle.

And when time with his ſcythe, and his
ſilver toupee,
Wou'd my ſpirits expel from the manſions
of glee,
They triumphant ſhall float in a glorious
red ſea,
Which eternally flows from the bottle.

And for thoſe who the full tide of bounty
extend,
That the bard may be bleſt with his bottle
and friend,

May the joys of our lives, ev'ry joy to
tranſcend,
Still be crown'd with a friend and a bottle.

THE WAITER.

AT the very beſt of houſes where the beſt of people dine,
And the very beſt of eatables they eater,
Give the very beſt of ſpirits, and decant the beſt of wine,
I attends as a very merry waiter;
Then a table-cloth can ſpread, next decant my white and red,
Manage matters to a charm, and with napkin under arm,
Can a ſkin-flint or jolly fellow tell,
Know whether they'll come down a tiſſy or a crown,
So I treats 'em as I finds 'em ill or well.
And when noiſy, roaring, drumming, tingling, jingling, I cries coming,
Coming, coming, coming.

Going in, ma'am, coming up, ſir, damn the bells! they're all ringing at once.—Coming, coming, coming, coming.

In their merry meetings why I always likes to ſhare
Whole bottles ſometimes broke, why then I ſnack it,
In that I'm quite at home, ſo it travels you know where,
Sally chambermaid and I ſlily crack it;

She a little fortune's made, juſt by making warm a bed.
So I think it not amiſs now and then to ſnatch a kiſs,
For you know I likes Sally very well,
So hob nobing as we chat, looking loving and all that.
In our ears they're ever ringing ſuch a peal,
Miſtreſs, maids, all bawling, drumming,
Tingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.

John Devil, ſome biſcuits, and take 'em up to the Angel; Tom, take care of No. 21, I ſhall take care of No. 1 myſelf.

A ſnipe there once was order'd, ſuch an article we'd not,
Yet to diſappoint a cuſtomer unwilling,
A plover was ſerv'd up, the gentleman ſwore no bill it had got,
Says I ſwallow it, I'll ſoon bring the bill in;
Thus I jokes and gaily talk, while poor maſter jokes with chalk,
And will jingling glaſſes drink, while I jingle in the chink,
'Cod he breaks, and I buy in, who can tell?
Sally miſtreſs then is made, up to every ſervants trade,
We are certain ſure, your honours, to do well,
Briſk and buſy, no hum drumming,
Tingling, jingling, I cries coming, &c.

James, take care of No. 4, and ſee that ſome cellerman ſends up prick'd bottles, they're a ſhabby ſet, and we may never ſee them again; Mrs. Napkin, ſhow my Lord to the Star and Garter; and Lawyer Lattitat to the Devil; he's going there himſelf, ſir, he knows the way very well.

SINCE LIFE's A DREAM.

SINCE life's a dream, as Stoics preach,
Of good and evil notions,
And pain, from pleaſure, doctors teach,
We have in equal potions:
What matter if from pleaſure now,
Our heads ſhould ach to-morrow;
Drink deep again, and this I vow
You'll never dream of ſorrow!

Then who'll believe that man ſhould grieve,
Since wine dul ſtrife compoſes;
Let parties ſink—to George we'll drink,
And gaily ſoak our noſes.

Let ſnarling cynics paſs for wits,
Miſanthropy diffuſing,
While clamour's noiſy ſons in fits,
All harmony's confuſing;
Tho' gloomy Paine, that foe to ſong,
With his wild ſyſtem bores us,
We'll hold this right—"to do no wrong,"
And join the chearful chorus

Of—who'll believe, &c.

Now what's to us, tho' Gallic blades,
Should bang the ſlaves of Pruſſia?

Some am'rous Fit theſe bold Jack Cades
May ſend to Madam Ruſſia;
Let Auſtria's mighty Ruler ſtep
Between, with jealous fury,
Mad war's extremes, let who will leap,
We damn by ſocial jury.

Then who'll believe, &c.

Now let each heart of Britiſh oak,
Exulting in its charter,
Keep up the ſoul-inſpiring joke,
And care, for wine, ſtill barter;
Let none that will not laugh, or ſing,
Our jovial circle enter,
And he that baulks—"Long live the King,"
Deſerves no earthly center.

Then who'll believe, &c.

WE SHALL LIVE TOGETHER, LADDIE.

KIRKALDY is a bonny place,
And Jemmy lives beſide it;
T'was there we ſaw each others face,
Whatever may betide it;

But be it ill, or be it not,
I dinna care a feather,
For ſoon at kirk we'll tie the knot,
And we ſhall live together;
O! we ſhall live together, Laddie!
We ſhall live together.

My mither raves from morn to night,
And ſays, I muſt grow older,
Yet ſhe is ſeldom in the right,
As father's often told her—
Lo, let her ſcold, and let her frown,
I dinna care a feather,
The parſon will be ſoon in town,
And we ſhall live together;
O! we ſhall live, &c.

My mither vows it ſhanna be,
When father is not near her;
But ſince we've made a friend of he,
I dinna muckle fear her;
For be ſhe right, or be ſhe wrong,
I dinna care a feather,
Since we're to marry e'er its long,
Then we ſhall live together;
O! we ſhall live, &c.

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